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UNCLE JOHN ALLEN'S
RAMBLE in the ROCKIES

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Uncle John Allen's Rambles In The Rockies

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PREFACE

IN presenting this little book to the public, in my awkward way, I wish to state that I never went to school but two weeks in my life. My father lived in a new and sparsely settled country, in the mountains of North Georgia, and what limited education I have I got at home. I learned to read, write and cipher, therefore my writing could not be expected to be of high literary merit, but they are true stories of real scenes and experiences.

A Short Narrative of the Life and Travels of *John J. Allen, a native of Georgia.* Born in 1843, my mother died when I was but four years old. My father seven years later died, leaving me with a man by the name of Hobis, an old acquaintance, as there was no relation near. Mr. Hobis kept me two years. By this time I began to think of getting out in the world and making a living for myself, so Mr. Hobis hired me out to work about seven miles away, for seven dollars per month.

This gave me a good chance. I took my first month's wages home to Mr. Hobis alright, but the second month's so encouraged me that I could make a living for myself, that by the time I was due to report to Hobis, I was in Atlanta, Ga. I then went to Chattanooga, Tenn. Had no more trouble in making a living.

When the war came up I enlisted in the 38th Tennessee Regiment, and fought through the war to the end. After the war I went to Walnut Ridge, Ark. In the fall of 1865 I met up with a man by the name of Wagner, on the way to Sacramento, California. After informing him there was where I wished to go, he said: "Put your things in the wagon; we sure go there," which we did the next year, 1866.

From the day I threw my things into Mr. Wagner's wagon I have a record of every incident happening through my life of thirty-four years in the Rocky Mountains, that I considered worthy of note. I never thought of ever having it published, but now in my old days, so as to have employment and make a living for myself, I concluded to have it published in series, in pamphlet form. I hopefully and sincerely invite the patronage of the public.

Yours truly and respectfully,

JOHN J. ALLEN.

Care Soldiers' Home, Hermitage, Tenn.

Uncle John Allen's Rambles in the Rockies

ON THE WAY TO CALIFORNIA

AFTER bidding the folks good-bye, I put my clothes in one of the wagons and we drove off. I was at last bound for California, that glorious West that I had so often dreamed of, the land of sunshine and mysteries, the country I had longed to see.

I found Mr. Wagner and his family to be the kind of people that I had taken them to be. They were very kind to me. I made myself handy in many ways, such as getting wood and water and kindling fires. I did everything that I could see to be done. In this way I gained the respect of all the party.

We continued to Kansas City, Mo., stopping there until the next spring. Then we resumed our march across the plains of Western Kansas. We were enjoying our journey to the fullest extent, for we were now beginning to see deer, antelope, buffalo and wild horses, which were a great sight and amusement for us. None of us had ever seen anything of the kind before. The only thing that troubled us now was the fact that we were getting so far out that we were beginning to fear attack from the savage Indians. But we were aware of the fact that it would take a large number of them to harm us much, as by this time there were twenty-seven men, and others in our party

big enough to use a rifle to perfection, and all were well armed.

We traveled on by way of Fort Dodge, Kansas, Fort Lioen and Santa Fe, New Mexico. On our arrival at Santa Fe we procured more provisions. Then continuing our journey for several days beyond Santa Fe, we came to a beautiful little river of sparkling clear water, upon the banks of which grass was to be found in abundance. By this time our teams, which were mostly oxen, were beginning to get very much fatigued. So we halted on the banks of this beautiful little stream and pitched camp. There were seventeen families of us, all bound for California. It was the year 1866.

We spent three or four days fishing and hunting. Everything around camp seemed to be perfectly quiet. Away to the north of our camp, some thirty or forty miles, we could see a high range of mountains. There was a man with us named Newcomer, who was about thirty-five years of age. He had served in the U. S. Army during the Civil War. He was a good miner and mineral prospector. He said that he would like to take a trip out in these mountains, prospecting for three or four days, if he could get as many as five or six men to go with him. Three men who had no families at once agreed to go, I among the number.

Everything was soon prepared and we were up early next morning, ready for the trip. We soon had our horses saddled, and camping outfit

packed on a pony. We were well armed with good guns and sixshooters. So we set out to explore the big mountains. We reached the mountains about three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. Near the foot was a creek of beautiful clear water. We pitched camp here, as we wanted to get an early start next morning. All went well that night and we got up the next morning, had breakfast over before daybreak. We filled our canteens and a small keg with water and set out for the day.

After going up the creek four or five miles, following an old trail, we left the trail and went up and over through a big park. We proceeded on up the mountain, prospecting along until at last darkness overtook us and we had to stop for the night. There was no water to be had, except what we had brought along with us, which, of course, was not enough for us and our horses. We divided it up and gave all a little.

The next morning we could see that we were near the top of the mountain, which we soon reached after a little travel. From this point we could see many peaks shooting up, higher and higher, until away to the north, higher than all the rest, were peaks capped with snow. This was one of the most beautiful sights I ever beheld. We had just come from the scorching plains. So you may imagine that the snow-capped peaks was a sight that filled us with admiration.

We had now become interested in the many

beautiful sights that nature afforded there. We decided that we would continue our journey until we reached the snow. From this point we could see a large peak that looked as though it might have water in it. We set out for it and soon reached it. There we found plenty of water. So we stopped and ate breakfast. Then filling our canteens with water we set out much refreshed and with high hopes of soon reaching the snowy peaks we had seen in the morning. We were sure that we would reach them before night would overtake us.

We were now down in a basin and could not see the snowy peaks. In hunting for water we got out of our course some five or six miles to the east. But our captain had a good compass and carefully made out the route, so that we would not be at a loss on our return trip. We began climbing another mountain range, much higher than the one we had come over the previous day.

On we went higher and higher, until at last night overtook us, and we were yet a long distance from the top of the mountain. As on the previous night, we had no water. However, we were compelled to stop, as it was now very cloudy and dark and the way was rough. We halted for the night and built up a good campfire. There was an abundance of good, dry timber, making it an easy matter to keep a fire. After supper was over we divided what water we had with our horses and lay down to rest. We were very much

fatigued from our day's travel, for we had gone steadily, trying to reach the snow-capped mountains.

We arose early next morning and moved on, so as to find some water. At last, about ten o'clock, we reached the top of the mountain that we had been traveling up for a day and a half. We had no water that day, neither had our horses. We had no breakfast, but there was an abundance of grass for the horses everywhere, as it was the last days of June. From this point we could see the snow-capped peaks, but to our surprise and chagrin, they were some ten or twelve miles away. Many deep gulches and high ridges lay in our path that would have to be crossed before reaching the heights of the beautiful snow. So we had to abandon the idea of snowballing each other on the last days of June, as we had been threatening.

The next and most important thing with us now was to find water. There was a deep gulch down below us leading to the west. So we started down this in search of water. We had gone but a short distance when we came to a cliff, from under which out of the rocks flowed a beautiful spring of clear, cold water. We at once quenched our thirst, and then set to work to get breakfast. It was now eleven o'clock and not one of us had had anything to eat since the evening before. We decided to rest for the day, as our leader wanted to go back on top of the mountain and take some field notes and observations of the surrounding

country. It was a splendid point for that purpose. By this time the weather was clear and beautiful. We spent the day prospecting.

There were many beautiful and new objects for us to behold. From this peak one commanded the most charming view of the south slope. On looking north we saw the most wonderful and everlasting monuments of nature, the highly elevated mountains, reaching beyond the timber line with their rounded snow-capped peaks, presenting one of nature's most magnificent views. It was not only beautiful, but was sublime. It is a picture that will ever be remembered by all its beholders. It seemed that night came on very soon and stopped all our wonderful view and overshadowed our sublime feelings. When supper was over and the program set for the following day, we spread our blankets and retired for the night. We were up early next morning, ate our breakfast, and packed our camping outfit.

There was a long range of mountains connecting the high peak on the southwest, bearing at first an almost western course for a few miles, then sloping or curving around southeast, in almost a halfmoon shape, then leading back in the direction of our camp. The captain decided on this for our return trip, and we were to prospect along our journey back. As we all had confidence in the judgment of our captain, we agreed.

Having no thought of savage Indians, we went along our way joyfully, drinking in the grand

scenery that nature afforded along our way, finding springs and having a good time in general. We were much pleased with our return route. All went well with us that day. We only traveled some ten or twelve miles, in an almost due west course all day, while our camp was due south. We could see that the mountains kept curving around, until in a short time we would be headed in the direction of our camp. It was growing late and on coming to a little creek running off to the northwest, we halted for the night.

During the afternoon we had killed a deer, three quail and four grouse. The quail and grouse are rocky mountain fowl. There are two kinds of grouse, the blue and speckled. The mountain pigeon. In the summer time the feathers are blue and white, but as winter approaches, they turn white all over and remain that way until the next spring, when they turn blue and white again. Well, with the deer and fowl we had, we considered ourselves very well prepared for a camp feast. We went to work cooking venison and bird. We enjoyed the night pleasantly.

The next morning was beautiful and clear. We decided to move on our way, hunting and prospecting, as we had done on the previous day. We packed up our outfit and moved on, killing game and having quite a jolly time as we went. The mountain kept sloping down, lower and lower, until in the evening we came to a low gap or swag. At this point we found a new trail crossing the

mountain, but we kept on across the trail and up the opposite mountain. After we had gone about two miles on the opposite slope, we came to a spring. We stopped here for the night, although it was only two o'clock in the afternoon.

"AN ORDER FOR GOODS."

Mr. Hamilton, Dear Sir:
  This order you fill.
Enumerate the goods,
  And send me the bill.

Some coffee and sugar,
  And tobacco, too;
Twenty-five cents' worth
  Of each will do.

Ten cents' worth of postage;
  Stamps please send.
I must write to my girl,
  My dearest, best friend.

Yes, and one box of matches—
  I must live in the light.
Yes, please send them all
  Upon honor bright.

Please fill this order,
  And nothing forget.
I will be much obliged
  To you; yes, U-bet.

The above is an order I sent by a neighbor to a storekeeper by the name of Hamilton for goods. He had it typed and sent me a copy.

THE INDIAN VILLAGE

OUR captain suggested that he go back over the new trail, and follow it out for a short distance and see what it meant while the others prepared supper. We took our guns and six-shooters and set out for the trail, we soon arrived, and followed it out for a short distance. We soon came to a cliff from which we could see a good distance down into a park. We could see down there some Indian children and three Indian squaws near a small creek. "Well," said the captain, "we will go back over the other way and see what we can see that way." We did, and we saw the most horrible sight that I have ever seen in all my days.

The trail kept on down a long swag or hollow to the west. There was a smooth slope on either side. After we had followed the trail down this way for about half a mile, it turned short to the right and carried us up over a little ridge, which was not more than sixty yards high. On reaching the top of the ridge we halted.

There on the opposite side of a small park, containing about three acres, was a small creek running to the west. On the opposite side of this was some new Indian huts, built of old logs and pine brush or boughs. They were built along in lines or rows. There were six or seven Indian squaws and some children in front and around the

huts. After looking for a moment we rode on and up to the front of the largest and nearest one, supposing them to be friendly Indians. Everything was quiet. There was no one in sight. My captain rode in front of me and up to the door.

During all this time I was alert to all my surroundings. As I glanced to my right, in between two buildings, my eyes fell upon one of the most awful and ghastly sights that I ever beheld. There hung on a pronged pine the whole skulls of four white men, one woman and two children. They were hanging there, as if put out to dry. The skulls of one of the men, the woman, and two of the children were yet fresh. The woman's scalp was taken off with all the upper part of the skull, but the hair was still hanging to it. It was long and beautiful, being of a golden hue. The two children must have ranged from four to six years of age, as their hair looked as though it had never been cut or trimmed off, and was from six to twelve inches in length, and almost the same color of their supposed mother. The hair on the fresh skull of the man was dark and long. That on the balance of the skulls was dry and thin, and had almost disappeared.

It would be foolish to think that we tarried long here. A glance was sufficient for any sane person. I wheeled my horse and started away, at the same time calling to my captain to come. He was still standing at the door. "Hold a minute," he said. I pointed to the ghastly sight and

said, "For God's sake look there." As he slowly turned his horse in order to see, he flashed his eyes on the inhuman objects. No further persuasion was needed, but without a word he came and came quickly.

As we climbed the little steep bank at the creek we heard a gunshot and we turned and looked back, but nothing new was to be seen, only smoke coming out of a little window or hole in the side of the hut we had just left. But as we had heard no bullet, we did not return the fire. We were now fully satisfied that was a signal shot for the warriors to come in, as they must have been hunting or plundering.

As soon as we were up the little ridge we were out of sight of their horrible camp. We put spurs to our horses and went back to camp as fast as we could, without wondering where the new trail went, as we had done when we first crossed it. Soon we were back to camp, and when our three friends saw us coming they sprang to their guns. They well knew that something was wrong. They knew by our appearance that trouble was at hand.

They were eager to hear what the trouble was. We at once informed them of our discoveries, and left it to our captain what should be done. He said that as some were camped over east of us and some over north of us, we had best go back across the trail the way we had come, as no doubt they were hunting south of us. We were to go back the way we had come and over across the moun-

tains, and northeast to the old trail we came out on, then back to the camp at the wagons. That was agreed upon, so we set to work packing up the camping oufit, and I doubt if there ever was a little camping outfit packed sooner. Back to the new trail seemed to be our most critical and dangerous task. It fell to my lot to lead and take care of the pack pony, while the other four men were to look out for the Indians.

We soon arrived at the top of the hill overlooking the new trail, where the captain and one of the men kept watch while the other two and I could cross the trail. From where our two guards stood the trail was in full view for about three or four hundred yards each way, but there were no Indians in sight. We made a dash to cross the trail, which was about three or four hundred yards from where we wanted to go. We had only gone about half way up the hill across the trail, when we heard a keen whistle. On looking back we saw our captain beckoning us to look down the trail. The Indians were coming up. As we were now in a little swag we could not see far down the trail. The two men quickly dismounted and ran back to where they could see down the trail. They said: "Yes, there they come, but only three of them in sight now."

I dismounted and ran up to take my first look at the horrible war-painted Indians, thinking of their savage deeds, some of the results of which I had only witnessed an hour previous. It seemed

that my blood almost boiled, but fear vanished in a second. I stood there behind a tree waiting eagerly for the firing to begin. When they came within two hundred yards of us our captain gave the word to fire, at the same time he shot an Indian off his pony. Soon we were following the example set by our captain. Another pony was killed, and his rider ran a few steps to rise no more. The third Indian ran a short distance and tumbled from his horse. Our captain and friend ran over to us and we rapidly retired from there without so much as a scratch from a bullet.

We were now satisfied that those three were all that were in camp, but as it was four o'clock we felt sure that the others would be in from hunting soon and after us in hot pursuit. So we lost no time in putting as much ground as possible between us and the scene of our excitement.

Our route was now a long and rough one. We were compelled to go up over two high and rough mountains and across many deep gulches. It was impossible for us to make much headway. However, knowing that our lives were at stake, we without a doubt made greater speed than we otherwise could have done. We traveled some little distance apart in order to make our trail more difficult for them to pursue. By the time night came it had become very cloudy, which added to the darkness. At last we went down in a deep gulch, and as it was so rocky and rough and

the darkness so intense, we were compelled to halt and wait until more light would appear.

We had already come over one mountain and were perhaps some eight or ten miles from the scene of our skirmish. We huddled up together and strained our ears listening for some sound of the enemy. We also kept our eyes open for lights, as we thought that perhaps we were near some hostile camp. We saw no light and heard nothing except the rippling of water, which seemed to be only a few feet away.

Two of the boys crawled toward the noise of the water. They found plenty of it and both ourselves and horses were satisfied as far as having our thirst quenched. After prowling around for awhile and finding no grass and nothing else but rocks, we tied our horses and huddled up together with our guns in our hands. We sat there wide awake, as no one was in any mood for sleeping. It seemed that our horses were more restless than usual, and kept stamping around until it seemed that they could be heard for miles. We sat there impatiently waiting for day to appear. At last, about three o'clock, the clouds broke away and the stars shone out more brilliant than we had ever noticed in our lives. It was so bright that we could see to travel anywhere.

As we had had no dinner and no supper the day before, we were determined not to move until we could get something to eat. It was not long until daylight. So we built a fire and soon pre-

pared breakfast. The report of our discoveries when we returned from the new trail on the previous day had thrown a damper on the cooking which was in full blast. We had some venison ham, half cooked, and some bread they had baked, so breakfast was easily prepared and soon over. Then we moved on our way east until about eleven o'clock, when we came upon our old trail near where we had camped the first night after leaving camp. It was about thirty-five or forty miles from the wagons.

Our horses had had nothing to eat for the last twenty-four hours and were very much fatigued. So we decided to cross the big park, mentioned in our second day's travel, and go on into the gap of the mountain, and there halt and let our horses graze. From here we could get a good view of the trail for at least three miles behind us. We could place out a picket, and the rest of us could rest for the evening.

Just after coming into the large park our captain halted, dismounted, untied a bundle and took out some handkerchiefs, and dropped them along in the trail. A little further on he dropped an old vest, and in a short distance an old coat. He said that this would be a good bait for them, if they should be in pursuit of us. All this was in full view of where we were going to stop. We went on across the big park and up the mountain to the little park. On our arrival there our captain ordered all to dismount and not strip the horses, ex-

cept to remove the bridles so they could eat. After we had eaten and placed a picket out in front of us, our captain took a man with him and went back to the cliff, in the rear, leaving one of the men and myself to watch the horses.

It was now twelve o'clock and the weather was clear and beautiful. They had gone but a short distance when our captain came rushing back. He said: "Bridle the horses, the redskins are coming. There are twenty-seven of them, and more in the gap of the mountain. Now don't allow yourselves to get the least bit excited at them. For that few of them will hardly last until they are gone when they overtake us."

THE SAVAGE INDIAN BOMB

HE then told us that he had prepared himself for this battle in Kansas City by securing four little wooden boxes. These boxes were eight inches square, made of hard seasoned oak one inch thick, with one end or side bored full of small holes, over which was a small pine box covering attached on the end of the oak box. It was bored full of holes and fastened on by screws, so as to cover all the holes in the end of the oak box, forming a partition between the pine and oak boxes about two inches thick and eight inches wide. The oak box was filled about one-half full of powder, on top of which was laid a piece of seasoned oak about one inch thick, which was cut to fit down in the box neatly on top of the powder. The box was filled with old pieces of iron and rock. The small pine partition was filled with caps, matches, and powder all mixed up together. He named this the Savage Indian Bomb. He had brought one along with him on our trip.

The horses were bridled in double quick time and we were up and going soon. When we reached our picket he mounted and joined us. Then putting the spurs to our horses we rode off down the mountain at almost full speed, except where the protruding rocks would not allow it in safety. It

was about six or seven miles down the mountain to the creek. Our captain dropped some more bundles, including a coffee pot, venison ham, and frying pan.

On we went. Within about three hundred yards of the creek there was a dry gulch coming down through the park. Its banks were covered with willows some ten or twelve feet high. After we crossed this we came into another small park which extended on to the banks of the creek. The creek banks were grown up with willows. Just before reaching the creek there was a rocky mound. Just below the mound the trail crossed the creek at an angle. Here, in the middle of the creek, was a small sand and gravel bar. The water running around either way, forming a little island. In the center of this island the captain dismounted, took a sack from the saddle which contained the above named box. He said: "Right here I will plant my Savage Bomb and blow those barbarous, bloodthirsty devils up. What it don't kill it will so demoralize that we can kill them before they realize what has happened."

Then he placed the box down in the sand and gravel, turning the end of the box up stream in the direction of the rocky mound. Then piling rocks over the box, he threw an old coat over it, which covered it, except the end up the creek which contained the caps. He scattered other clothing around on the sand. In less than five minutes the whole job was complete. He placed

two men on the top of a hill, about sixty yards away, instructing them to keep watch and not move or shoot until he should fire the first and signal shot. But to shoot then and keep shooting as long as they could see an Indian move. I was ordered to cross the creek and lead the horses down to a little bottom four or five hundred yards below there. He and the other man were to place themselves on the bank of the creek just above the little rocky mound thirty or forty yards above the ford where the deadly boxes were planted, so as to shelter them from the view of the enemy, and at the same time be in full view of the box on the trail loaded with powder. Both men were to shoot first and explode the caps, then all were to join in the shooting and continue as long as an Indian could be seen to move.

I continued on down the creek, as I had been ordered to do, and arrived at the above mentioned bottom. As soon as I could leave the horses I ran back up the creek and turned out to the left in order to get to a high ridge or cliff. From this cliff I could look down over the place where the battle was going to be. I was only about half-way up the ridge when I heard a teriffic explosion. Looking back down to my right I saw three Indians, which were their advance guard. They were going back as fast as their ponies would carry them, with the war paint shining on their terror-stricken faces. But following the explosion was a tremendous roaring of guns.

SAVAGE INDIAN BOMB

On reaching the top of the cliff I could see all over the bottom. The Indians were stampeded and were running back in the direction they had come. They were scattered, and were falling over rocks and banks, some on ponies and some on foot. Some had no guns and no other instruments of war. Closely following them were four as brave white men as ever marked the American soil.

The sight that I witnessed while sitting on the

cliff was to me most joyful. I would hear the report of a gun and at the same time see an Indian fall to rise no more. As they passed out at the upper end of the park I could count but nine left out of the twenty-seven horrible creatures who, not a half hour ago, were in bloodthirsty pursuit on our trail. Soon I saw all four of my brave comrades coming back.

Then we went on down to the creek where the explosion occurred. There lay in the creek seven of these horrible war painted Indians, three bows and two bunches of arrows. Also five ponies and five guns. One of the guns was bent almost double. Then we found three more dead Indians, and one mortally wounded. The wounded Indian was lying in the brush, shot through the back part of the head and through the knee. Then our captain said: "Here, kid, shoot this Indian and we will go. Kill him outright."

"No, no," I said, "I will give him a cup of water instead."

After giving him what water he would drink, I left a cupful sitting by him. I took a small sack from my shoulder, took out some meat, cut off a piece and laid it down by him.

Then we left for the camp, taking the bows, arrows and guns with us. It was now three o'clock, and we were twenty-five or thirty miles from the wagons, so we lost no time in getting our horses ready and setting out for camp. After traveling five or six miles with our captured

guns, our captain halted and said: "Well, boys, it will not do to take these guns into camp or to make any report of what has happened to-day, or of having seen any savages on this trip, as it would frighten the women in the camp." We all agreed to this. We took the guns out a little way from the trail and stuck them down under a big rock and piled some loose rocks over them. I suppose they are there until now.

Forgetting that our captain had a hole shot through his hat and another one of the boys had one shot through the fleshy part of his leg, we rode into camp, reaching there about eight o'clock. We found everybody well and alright, except for the fact that an old Mexican had been there and told them that there was a large number of savages out in the mountain where we had been, and that only a few days previous they had killed a man, his wife and two children about ten miles north of our camp. Our captain, on hearing the report, said:

"You need not believe these Mexicans. They will tell you anything. If there had been any savage Indians out there we would have seen them on our trip."

This seemed to settle all the fright caused by the report of the Mexican. Supper was soon ready and we all sat down to supper. Big, bright fires were built all along the line, which illuminated our entire camp. All were having a good time, enjoying the fires and the supper, when one

of the children picked up the captain's hat and noticed the bullet hole in it, which had to be accounted for. The captain very gracefully explained that it had been done by an accidental shot. This explanation seemed satisfactory to all. Supper was soon over and we were sitting around the fires. Mr. Bradley, the man who had received the shot through the leg, was standing up before the fire. Another one of the children spied the hole and bawled out: "Look there, Mr. Bradley has a hole shot through his leg!"

Well, of course, to explain that this was an accidental shot, too, would hardly do, for two accidental shots would look a little shady. This at once stirred up new and vigorous excitement in camp. The women were running around in every direction looking for buckets, kettles and anything else with which they might carry water to extinguish our beautiful camp fires. Soon they had a solid sluice of water pouring on the fires, and all attempts to stop them were fruitless, so the water kept pouring until every spark that could be seen was extinguished.

At last the women's victorious stampede was momentarily at an end. We were all moping around in the dark, the women trying to huddle up together, now and then stumbling on some obstacle. On the least attempt to strike a match we were raided by the women, who would almost choke the life out of us. Soon everything was calmed down. The women were bunched up to-

gether, and we could hear them whispering over the terrible dangers. Some could be heard innocently wishing themselves back by the old peaceful firesides they had left at home.

Everyone was quite wideawake, and on the lookout for the Indians except we five explorers, who had just returned. Where our beautiful campfires, not ten minutes ago, had so cheerfully lighted up, our camp was now a smouldering bed of ashes. We five, after crawling around for some time found our places to lie down, and proceeded to take a good sleep. We all slept well except poor Bradley, who snored loudly while he slept. While he was attempting to take a little snooze he was grabbed and frightfully shaken by the watchful women who were afraid that his loud snoring would attract the savages. The children were not allowed to speak above a whisper. We had intended to go back the next morning after our captured guns, but before daybreak the teams were harnessed and ready to pull out at first appearance of day.

TRAPPED BY INDIANS WHILE TRAPPING FOR FURS

WE traveled on, keeping the old Sante Fe trail, going around the northeast end of the great sand desert. There we halted, and rested up for a few days at the great group of natural wells. Those wells are round and deep holes, going straight down through the solid rock to a great depth, being eight in number. Three contain good, cold water.

After leaving this place we proceeded on and across the Sierra Nevada Mountains, into Sacramento Valley, California. There we stopped for a few weeks and I hired at last to go with some trappers and hunters, who were hunting for the American Fur Company. I worked for them three years through eastern California, Oregon, Idaho, and Wyoming. During the time we had many serious engagements with different tribes of Indians.

Once in southwestern Wyoming thirteen of us went trapping and hunting. Captain "Shores" was in charge of our little posse. We went over about twelve miles east of our main camp, on a little river, and in a nice park or valley. We constructed a little camp. As we could see no sign of Indians, we set out a good number of traps along the creek and river. We had good success.

It was about the 15th of January, and we were to report back and bring in our furs the first of March. As it happened the snowfall was very limited. Not enough to interfere with our work. Beaver was plentiful, fox, bobcats and bear in large number and deer in large herds. By the 20th of February we had caught over one hundred beavers, and killed forty-seven bear, many fox and other animals up and down the river, and were collecting our furs in order to pack and pull in for the main camp.

Two of the boys had gone about ten miles above, up the little river, to bring in their traps, while four were out down the river for the same purpose. About one o'clock we heard guns firing up the river in rapid succession. We at once knew something was wrong. We saddled our ponies with all speed possible, and set out in the direction of the firing. It soon ceased, yet we continued on three or four miles, trailing the ponies the boys had hidden.

As we came over a small hill there down a steep slope about one hundred and fifty yards came a bunch of twenty-five or thirty Indians. We fired a volley of shots into them, which tumbled five off of their ponies. The others, wheeling their ponies, went back the way they came as fast as their ponies could carry them. We closely followed them up four or five miles, but we could not find or see any trace of our two boys, and we gave them up as dead. While we were hunting around

for them the Indians we had just been chasing met up with a band of forty or fifty more Indians who were coming to their relief, and here they came on our trail.

We had just returned to camp and were packing up our furs and goods to leave, when sixty or seventy came in sight. Now we knew something had to be done, for there we were, only seven in camp, as the four boys down the river had not yet returned. Our camp was on a little knoll or hill in the center of a prairie, which gave them all chances to sneak around in the timber and pick us off one at a time. About the time they had completed their circle around us the four boys who had gone down the river returned, and at once took in the situation and attacked them. Soon the battle was on in full blast, their lines were broken on the south and our four comrades joined in with us. We had previously fortified our little camp as best we could, but there they circled us and charged us time and again at a heavy loss each time.

Now night was fast approaching and they seemed determined to capture our little fort. Although the surrounding prairie was dotted with their dead bodies and ponies, near sunset our Captain "Shores" was killed and one of our boys shot through the hand, and one completely scalped with an arrow through the skin on top of his head. Our ponies were all killed but three, and not a drop of water did we have to drink. We were

almost dying for thirst. At last darkness overshadowed our gloomy little fort, the Indians retired, and now all was calm and still. Not a sound could be heard except the stamping of the three faithful and fortunate ponies, who were yet standing as breastworks, while eight of their mates were lying stretched out breathless around us on the ground. Yet they filled their important duty of shielding us from the enemies' bullets.

It was clear. The stars were shining brightly. We were compelled to get water, the spring was about one hundred yards away, some one had to go. We took ropes, tied them together until we made rope sufficient to reach to the spring and back. The ground was smooth and I volunteered to go. I took the ropes, tied the ends together, which made an endless rope. I buckled two good sixshooters around me, the rope was over my shoulders. In this harness, on my hands and knees, I crawled to the spring with a small cup in my pocket. Then my comrades tied a jug on the rope, and I pulled it to the spring. We used our hands as pulleys, and in this way we soon pulled up plenty of water for ourselves and ponies. I then crept back to camp. Now we had plenty of water, but did not dare to build a fire in order to cook anything. We had plenty of rare deer meat, which we ate and sat up there all night with our guns in our hands wondering what would be our fate on the following morning.

We feared very much the Indians would get

reinforced that night and soon wipe us out next morning. A young and brave man by the name of George Thacker volunteered to try and slip through their lines and go over to our headquarters, twelve miles from where we now were and bring help before daybreak the next morning. This seemed our only hope, so he set out. We listened almost breathless for a gunshot or the buzz of an arrow, but heard none. We now cheered up with buoyant hopes, yet his way across the mountains was awful rough and dangerous. To our great joy and glorious surprise our two boys whom the Indians had attacked the evening before came in. When we went to their relief they were hid in the cliffs, and the Indians were busy hunting for them. We drew the Indians off by our attack and our comrades waited until they were sure the Indians were gone, then they came out from the cliffs and made their way across the mountains to headquarters and reported.

Forty of our men came to our relief, whom "Thacker," our courier, had met about three miles from our camp. They came over within a mile of us and halted, and waited for daylight to appear. Next morning before sunrise the Indians began to circle and make ready for a charge on our little fort. Our men came down taking in the situation, while all eyes of the Indians were on us. Our men slipped up in their rear and charged them. The Indians fell as if a stroke of electricity had struck them. There was not one

to get away to tell the horrible tale of his experience. Not a man of ours was lost except Captain "Shores," who we buried on that lonely mound. We then packed our skins and furs and went for headquarters, safe after all our hard work and thrilling experience.

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE KID

When I was a little "kid,"
  I remember it well,
How the girls all did kiss me,
  And now I'm going to tell.

Yes, I was a little boy,
  And only about so high,
All the girls would kiss me,
  When I would let them nigh.

And when I ran they would run,
  And catch and hold me anyhow,
And hug, kiss and caress me.
  Why don't they do it now?

They would take me on their lap,
  Hug and squeeze me anyhow.
Yes, that's the way they did me,
  Why don't they do it now?

They would kiss me on the cheek,
  And then kiss me on the brow.
If they'd hug and kiss me then,
  Why don't they do it now?

I'd run, squall, scratch and bite,
  But they would kiss me anyhow.
That's the way they did me then,
  Why don't they do it now?

I'd kick and squall and pull their hair,
  All that I could in the row,
But they would hug and hold me tight,
  Why don't they do it now?

And they would call me sweetheart,
  And kiss me and cause a row.
But I can't see to save my life
  Why they don't do it now.

I would beg, scratch and fight,
  And raise a great old row.
But they would hug and hold me tight,
  Why don't they do it now?

IN THE CABIN OF THE MEDICINE MAN

IT was in the month of January, 1859, myself and a friend of mine by the name of John N. Neally set out on a hunting and trapping expedition from Flagstaff, Arizona. Going northeast and crossing the Colorado River, we pitched our tent, went to work and built a log cabin.

We had quite good luck in the way of catching some beavers, wildcats, grey foxes and wolves. Deer was plentiful and easy to kill; in fact, we were now in a paradise for game and furs.

After stopping for two months I took sick. We were almost out of flour and coffee and had no medicine. After three or four days my partner came to the conclusion that he would go to Silver City and take with him some furs and bring back a lot of groceries. I was not able to sit up but a few minutes at a time. All things being ready, John set out on his long journey, leaving me alone until he could return, which would take him at least ten days. I grew worse day after day until I was confined to my bed continuously and could not sit up a minute, and was getting weaker every hour. Water was almost at the door. He had laid in a good supply of wood before leaving. I could manage to keep up a fire, but nothing could I cook or eat, only a little water or steepings from the deer meat. I

finally grew so weak I could not get up out of the bed, and there I lay for two days and nights in this condition.

I knew now in my own mind that I could not possibly live until my friend would return, as it would yet be a week. I knew I must certainly die there and die alone. I lay there and my mind ran over my awful condition, and at the same time earnestly asked my Creator not to forsake me, but to deliver me one more time from the awful grasp of death. But hush; I could faintly hear the sound of horses' feet. Still more distinct and louder it grew, until they came dashing up to my cabin door. "Jabbering Indians," I said; "thank the Lord. I will not have to lie here and die alone, for these savages will soon relieve my suffering." They dismounted, pushed open the door, came in around my bed, gazing at me as if amazed, jabbering and looking at each other. I soon discovered an expression of sorrow in their eyes and countenances. After their searching the cabin and peeping into everything, they mounted their ponies and went away. When they had been gone a short time, they returned bringing with them their medicine man, as their doctor is called.

They came in, the medicine man came near and sat down on the side of my bed. Taking hold of my hand, looking me straight in the eyes for a minute, he shook his head, looking very sorrowful, which gave me to understand at once they were not so savage as I had supposed. He then

turned around, jabbering to his comrades, who began looking at each other, then taking a pair of blankets from my bed they knotted the ends together and fastened a rope to each end. They ran a pine pole through the rope and then took me off my bed. They put me on the blankets in a swinging way, and one at each end of the pole, they packed me off in this way. They changed with each other, and now and then halting a few minutes, seemingly to examine me, that I was alright, and gave me tea made of venison or deer meat.

I was carried in this way for three days down on the north side of the Colorado River. The third day in the evening late they came to a house built of logs and daubed very closely. In it were windows and doors, and the dirt floor was carpeted with deer skins and at each bed a nice bear skin was laid. The bedding was composed of buffalo rugs and Navajo Indian blankets, and everything in the house looked neat and nice. This house was where the Indian doctor lived himself, one son, already a man, two daughters, their mother, and grandmother. They took me in, laid me on a bed, gave me medicine and then prepared soups and meat of different kinds and other nourishing foods as the medicine man prescribed. They never all left the house or me alone. Someone would be at my bedside continually in attendance to my welfare, but, of course, not a word could I understand.

In a short time I began to improve and could understand their motions and a few words of their language, and now I wondered "what will they do with me when I am well? Do they intend to keep me in bondage, or will they let me go?" Then I would content myself in my own mind that most assuredly they would not treat me with so much kindness and nurse me so carefully in order to torture me out of my life when I got well.. My life really belonged to them, and they had so many visitors of their own tribe who would talk and jabber over me so much, it kept me guessing all the while to myself. Even when I got to feeling quite well and felt I would much rather get up and walk around and take exercise, I would refuse myself that pleasure and conclude to wait and keep my bed until I was sure that I would be able to make my escape and then go some night.

I at last came to the conclusion I could not yet gain my strength or get rightly at myself without taking exercise, and that I would get up some anyway. I appeared very weak and feeble, to be sure, but by the folks helping me I arose and walked across the floor to the fireplace. No sooner was that accomplished than all the family were in the cabin smiling and dancing around me, patting me on the head, and taking me by the hand, bawling out, " Mooche," "Mooche." Now I said to myself, "What does this mean? A big dance and torture surely." But as I considered that they had certainly prolonged my life by moving and taking

care of me, and that it justly belonged to them anyway if they asked it. Shortly among their many visitors an old Mexican came to their house who could talk a little broken English and was a great friend of Kit Carson in his days in that country. Through his information I learned that these Indians were great friends to the white men and had never been known to mistreat one. "Mooche" was the eldest daughter's name, and they aimed to give her to me for a wife, which explained the doings of the family dance and the jabbering of "Mooche," "Mooche." It was only proof of their great joy that I was getting well and that Mooche also belonged to me.

Well, now on learning this of course, it greatly relieved my fears of torture and I was now up and well in a few days. I certainly must gratefully appreciate their great kindness and care, but could not admire or appreciate my gift of a lifetime mate. No, no, but the question, how should I manage to make good my escape, as I feared that if they discovered that I was dissatisfied in the least it might raise their anger to a serious pitch. I decided to play "snake in the grass" until I learned the surroundings of the country and see clear my way out to civilization once more. Of course, they were like all other tribes as to hunting. I would get my gun and pony, and that was a sufficient hint to the family that I wished to take a hunt, which was very pleasing to all the family. The young buck being always ready to accompany

me, we would go out hunting, kill deer, bear, and other wild animals. We kept up the hunting for two weeks, but always I was accompanied by the young buck and a half dozen to a dozen other Indians. Not one could speak English and I could not learn much in regard to their wishes.

At last the old Mexican came back to see me, as he had vowed to me on his first visit he would do. He stayed two weeks and would join with us in the hunt every day. I could talk with the old Mexican man, who could only speak very broken English, but yet his broken English was extremely sweet to me, as he spoke the only English I had heard in nearly three months. I found this old man to be a great friend to the white man, and ventured to inform him of my intention of leaving as soon as possible. As he could talk to the Indians, I wanted to ask the old Indian doctor what my bill of indebtedness was, as I wished to pay it off, but not with the intention of leaving. He did, but "No, no, no charges, only to stay; only to stay, that's all." They would be very much displeased, said the Mexican, if I left. During this two weeks' hunt I requested of the old Mexican to so arrange a hunt back up the river about my cabin, from where they brought me, in order that I could make good my escape from there. This he refused to do, as he feared they would hold him responsible, or accuse him of aiding me in my escape. But he said as the Indians and myself often killed deer and bear and take the skins into the

town of Flagstaff for sale, and as they already had some fur skins to take to market, it would be a better way to wait, kill some game, and I could accompany them into town. I could have all good chances to stay if I wished to. After hearing his plan I decided at once that was best, and in three or four days we had quite a nice lot ready for market. They began collecting their ponies in order to go. Soon the next morning fifteen Indians and the old Mexican and myself were ready and set out.

On the fourth day, late in the evening we arrived in the town of Flagstaff, Arizona. After stopping in town two or three hours and buying some groceries and getting relieved of our burdensome load of game we went out for a mile or so on the prairie. Here we could get plenty of grass for our ponies, and camp for two or three days and have a good time, for which purpose the old Mexican had already procured a jug of old rye whisky. On the following morning the old Mexican and myself, the doctor and others of our crew, saddled up our ponies in order to go back in town and do our trading. The others would stay at the camp and take care of the outfit and "jug." Already seven of the latter were lying flat on the ground dozing, and dreaming of the happy hunting grounds, from the effects of the jug.

Now, as the old Mexican had said, my way was open, as the eastbound train was due shortly after noon. Of course, the young Indian would

stay close by my side all the time, and I saw for sure I could not get off without his knowledge of it. At last, only a few minutes before the train was due, I told the Mexican to inform him of my intention of going on that train, but only up to "Santa Fe," and that I would come back, and wished him, the young Indian, to keep my pony, saddle, bridle, blankets and gun until my return. The train came in sight and I gave him my hand, and at the same time the Mexican explained to him it meant good-bye. The tears went streaming off his cheeks like a whipped child, and he clung to and kissed my hand. He filled the air with utterances void to my understanding, except his benevolent behavior. I thought what a good and faithful friend he had been in the past and it filled my heart with sorrow until I could no longer hold my tears. That parting with a friend was so deeply impressed on my memory it is never to be forgotten by me, though I have never seen him since.

After going back to Colorado I went to making inquiries as to my friend and partner, Neally, but failed in ever finding trace of him, as he had never returned to Leadville or to that part of the country. I at last gave up all hopes of ever seeing him again. Time rocked on in that way, until in the summer of 1896, in July, I took a team and wagon and concluded to take a trip that summer down through southern Colorado, New Mexico and on into Arizona. I harnessed up in Fre-

mount County, Colorado, and set out. I went through Silver Cliff and West Cliff via Moscow Pass over the Sangreede Christa Mountain range, and on through Sanlois Valley to Delnort, via Wagon Wheel Gap, over to Creed Mining Camp, then continuing on up the Rio Grande River. On my second day's travel after leaving Creed, about eleven o'clock, I came down off the mountain into a beautiful park covered with waving and beautiful grass. At the edge of it was a good log cabin. I drove up near, heard a man come to the door and I asked him if he had any objection to my turning out my team to graze there. "No, no," said he, "unharness and turn loose and come in," which I did. After going and taking a seat he said: "Your face looks familiar to me." "Yes," said I, "and your face looks familiar, too." Well, there we were gazing at each other, at the same time trying our utmost to call to memory where and when we had met. He would say to me, "Your very actions and voice and every movement makes me know that I have often been with you, and for quite a time." "Yes," I said, "there is no doubt of that."

In this way the talk went on for more than an hour, while cooking our dinners and asking and giving our names, and where we had been previous years, and what our occupation had been back for years. As Neally was a great trapper he spoke of trapping in Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona. Said I: "Hold on; did you ever

go trapping in Arizona?" "Yes," said he, "many times." "Well", said I, "did you ever go trapping with a man by the name of Allen down on Colorado River, and cross on the north side or north fork?" "Yes," he said, "and while we were down there he got captured and killed by the Indians while I was gone to Silverton after groceries, or at any rate he was not there when I returned, and there were lots of fresh pony tracks and tracks of Indians both in and outside of the cabin. This gave me to understand that they had taken him off while I was gone and that I had best not tarry there long myself or I would share the same fate. After looking around a few minutes I pulled back for Silver City and he has never been heard of since."

"Well," I said, "I am the man." "For heaven's sake you don't say so." "Sure I do," said I. He sprang up from the table and almost leaped over it in his haste to get on the opposite side where I was sitting. He upset the coffee pot and knocked three or four plates off the table, grabbed me in his arms and squeezed me half to death. "Thank God, thank God," said he, "the dead is alive." Of course, the meeting was a joyful one to us both, under the circumstances, and as it was now seventeen years that we had not either seen or heard of each other, and we had met by accident. Well, that furnished our dinner for that day, neither one wished any more to eat then. Yet we had only commenced eating when we identified each other,

and you can only imagine what followed as a lifetime story of seventeen years had to be told.

My friend owned a hay ranch there containing three hundred and twenty acres, of which he gave me half interest as a present, which I appreciate very much as a valuable gift until this day.

HOME

"Peace and Love Should Abide in the Home."

Blessed is the home
  And the dearest of all,
Where showers of love
  Continually fall.

And showers of love
  Will continue to fall
On a peaceful home,
  Either great or small.

Yes, a peaceful home
  Is pleasing to the Lord,
If we keep His word
  With one accord.

Humble without anger,
  So we should live.
If peace we expect
  Our Creator to give.

And that accomplished,
  I have no doubt,
Our homes would be blessed
  Within and without.

Such a home is promised
  To either me or you,
If we live just honest,
  Faithful and true.

And now, dear brother,
  There's no reasonable cause,
And why should we not
  Live up to God's laws?

Every house and home,
  Every hamlet and hearth
Would be blessed with peace
  Everywhere on earth.

EXPLORING EXPEDITION IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—BIG JIM STANDING OFF SAVAGES TWO DAYS AND NIGHTS —BIG JIM'S FORT, 1867.

WHILE I was with the American Fur Company in southwestern Wyoming eight men and myself were sent out for the purpose of exploring a portion of country south of our main camp. We followed the old animal trails across through the mountains for twelve or fifteen miles, then came down into a large park of smooth rolling hills, with now and then a high round mountain. We proceeded on down this large park or basin, which gradually sloped off to the southwest for some twenty-five or thirty miles. Then the mountains, steep and rough, closed in on either side, forming a gorge or chasm about thirty or forty feet wide, and perpendicular walls on either side extending upward for hundreds of feet. At the base of this great rock wall was a great cave into which this beautiful stream of sparkling clear water drained from this great basin or park. It plunged down and was at last lost from view in the mighty damp and dense black darkness. Nothing more could be seen or heard but its mighty and deafening roars of its surges, which echoed back to the front. This clearly explained the awful rough and rugged route

it traversed under that great wall of rocks and mountains. I gazed at these awful cliffs and huge layers of solid gray granite which seemed to reach up in the skies and at last capped with protruding overhanging rocks extending out for many feet, as if placed there for the express purpose of sheltering this great wall beneath. After gazing and commenting for hours our eyes became temporarily satisfied. We slowly and hesitatingly turned our backs upon this wonderful work of creation, and mounted our ponies and rode away back up this beautiful park, which was dotted here and there with herds of deer and buffalo. After going back up on the east side of the park some fifteen or twenty miles we discovered a large but narrow draw of prairie land gradually sloping down, intersecting the main park on the east side. Between the two parks was a high round mountain, the sides of which was scantily dotted with scrubby spruce pines and juniper trees. After dismounting and climbing this mountain or large mound to the top, and taking in the beautiful scenery of the surrounding country, we came down, and taking an old animal trail leading out east across the mountains. We kept this trail for several miles. At last we came down into another large park, keeping near the foot of the mountain on the west side of the park for several miles, going almost due south, we came to a small creek rippling down off the side of the mountain.

Here we dismounted from our ponies and stopped for the night, as it was now near sunset.

We arose early the next morning, as we were very eager to explore the park to a finish. As soon as breakfast was over we packed up, mounted our ponies, and kept on down through the park, in which there were many herds of deer and buffalo, soon we came to a low swamp and boggy plat of land, in which there was a large buffalo "wallow" and watering place. Here on the quakenasp trees we began to see cut in the smooth bark "serpents," turtles, arrows and other signs of the noble red man whom we knew to be our most dreaded enemy. We were exploring in summer for the purpose of locating the most suitable grounds for trapping and hunting the following winter. A short distance from this watering place was a beautiful lake. Like all other lakes of the Rocky Mountains. It was bordered or fringed around the water's edge with the most beautiful native shrubbery and evergreens of the choicest beauty and charming colors. At the head of this small lake there were fourteen places where the water was cold as ice, was spouting up out of the ground for some two or three feet above the surface, as if the great weight of the perpendicular cliffs of rocks which hung over it for three hundred or more feet were pressing it out with mighty force.

Deer, elk, buffalo and bear haunted this beautiful place. The great round mounds of moss

heaped and piled up were sufficient proof of the presence of many large, ugly bears, and their tracks were to be seen everywhere. On the north side of this lake was a large and frequently traveled trail, leading off and over another mountain, crosing between two high mountain peaks, while going down the mountain on the opposite side the trail making a short crook up over a small ridge, then down a deep gulch with cliffs on either side. At last we came out into a small park, at the edge of which was a beautiful small lake and large springs.

Just across the park were the relics of an old abandoned Indian camp, but we could not see any new or fresh sign. Near this old camp was a high cliff of rocks, in which was a cave. The mouth, or entrance, had been stopped by a stone wall across the front. On the discovery of this cave our mental curiosity was excited to the highest pitch, and we went to work at once to open this curious place. Soon an opening in the wall was made as large as a common door. Now the cave was open, all inside was dark as pitch, and nothing to be seen until a light was procured. Pine being plentiful, we soon had a half dozen pine torches ready and into the cave we went. Only a few feet back some skulls and bones of human beings were discovered. We were not yet satisfied. We prowled along over the huge piles of bones for some distance, although the offensive smell was sickening.

At last we came to another wall across the cave. Now, as we had a hammer with us, a rock was soon knocked out of the side of the wall. At once a puff of air came hissing through. Oh, it was awful and put every man fleeing for the front with all his might. When we got to fresh air we made no halt shorter than the lake, only a few yards away. Sick, sick, but not seasick. Everyone plunged his head under the water with eagerness of a duck. Some of the boys who in their great haste for the front stumbled and fell down and lost their lights, declared they heard haunts and saw ghosts of awful size and structure. But we all got out safe and sound except a few slight bruises on those who fell down and lost their lights. As to my part, I saw no ghosts, and to have heard a haunt would have been utterly impossible, owing to the squalls and screams and yells of the boys that were left back in the darkness. After that memorable day no one of our crew wished to explore hidden caves for old relics like those we discovered in this one, as it must have been a burial tomb for many generations. By this time our sad cave explorations were over. It was near night, but not a man wished to camp near this awful cave. We saddled our ponies, packed our camping outfit, and pulled out across another mountain in cheerful hopes of finding a camping place a few miles away before dark overtook us.

We traveled on and on, winding our way over

high mountain ranges, now and then losing our trail in the deep, dark gulches. But we kept on down a deep, dark gulch that seemed to have no outlet or end. At last we came down and out on the edge of a long but narrow park. The moon was just peeping over the tops of the scrubby spruce pines which bordered the edge of the park on either side, but yet by the aid of its soft, gray light we discovered water boiling up from under a large rock. Here we dismounted from our ponies. As it was getting late in the night and all tired and hungry and our ponies fagged over their hard and rough night's travel, our conclusion at once was to stop over for the night, but soon we found the ground bare of all vegetation around the spring. On further examination we found tracks of barefooted children in the mud around the spring, which caused further examination of the surroundings about the springs which developed in finding many Indian wigwams just across the park under the dense row of spruce opposite the spring. All were silent, however, and sound asleep, as we crept up near enough to hear the snoring of some. We now found that we were almost in the center of a large Indian village. After holding a short and almost breathless consultation, we decided to retrace our steps back across the rough and winding stairway in which we had come across through the mountains for fifteen or twenty miles. It must be accomplished before daybreak the next morning, as we knew they

would discover our tracks around the spring early after daylight and would be on our trail with fresh ponies.

As it was our fourth day out, we were at least eighty or a hundred miles from our main camp, our nearest help. We traveled on and on over the mountains and came down into the park at the little creek we had left the evening before. We had been traveling all night and were now back within one mile of the dead cave. Without a bite to eat either for ourselves or ponies, but plenty of grass now for our ponies, and off down the creek about two hundred yards a fine bunch of deer stood gazing at us. I and one of the men crept down within one hundred yards of them and picked out a small one. The man, Mr. Crews, told me I could take the first shot, which I was very anxious to do. I fired and the little deer fell dead in its tracks. We picked him up and took him up to the camp. We soon dressed it and had some on the fire cooking and almost ready for eating when we heard something away up on the mountain in the direction of which the winding trail came down. Yet more plain and distinct it grew every moment. Soon it became a question of much anxiety. Was it deer or was it a gang of buffalo, or could it possibly be Indians coming on our trail? We decided as it might be the latter we would go out and saddle our ponies before eating. Breakfast was already spread for the purpose.

We had hardly got through saddling when one

of the boys who had gone a short way up on the mountain side to look out came rushing back down to the camp, calling out, "Indians! Indians!" Every man hurriedly cramming his pockets full of hot meat and bread, we mounted our ponies and hurried away around the mountain in the direction of our main camp and then across the big park, which was three or four miles. After we got across the creek in the park we saw them coming at full speed, but as to number we could not tell at that time how many, but we pushed on as fast as possible, in order to reach the mountains before showing them any fight. We would have the timber to cover us from view, while they would be compelled to advance through the open prairie in order to attack us. One of the boys took our ponies on up on the side of the mountain above us, while we strung out behind timber and waited for their advance guard, until they were up within one hundred yards of us. We all fired at once, tumbling all three of their advance guards to the ground to rise no more.

As they were all in three hundred yards of us we fired and two more were sent to the happy hunting ground. At that moment they raised a roaring war whoop and charged us, coming up to the very edge of the underbrush within thirty yards. The brush and timber were too thick for them to ride through and they and their ponies were falling too fast, they wheeled and retreated. Many of them fell to the ground before they could

get out of reach of our guns. As we were all armed with Western patent rifles, which shot accurately for four to five hundred yards, yet they got back out of reach, and after holding a long consultation, they began to circle. It was now about one o'clock P.M., and we knew it would not do to let them get in our rear. We at once retired to our ponies, mounted and pulled out across the mountain and made good our escape. When the sun was about one hour high they came in sight again on our trail.

We pushed for a round mountain, near which was almost a natural fort. One of our boys, known as Big Jim, a powerful and brave man, said: "Boys, it will not do for us all to stop on this mountain. They will surround and starve us out. Give me all your shells and grub and I will stand them off as long as it lasts, and you ride on around the mountain and pull on for headquarters and return as soon as possible with all the men they can spare. You know my condition; lose no time. When they come I will make them think we are all here."

Leaving Jim all the grub, water and two guns, after helping him to the top of the little round mountain, we bade him success while the enemy was almost within gunshot. We hastened down and struck out as fast as possible. Soon we heard Big Jim open fire on them and keeping it up. Dark came on, and listening in the stillness of the air yet brought faint reports of Jim's guns to our ears.

We traveled all night and daybreak found us in the first big park after leaving headquarters, about seventeen miles from our main camp. We had been roving over the west side of the park and lost a few hours before daybreak. Searching to find our trail, soon after daylight we located it and pushed on, and about ten o'clock A.M. we arrived in camp and reported the condition in which we had left Big Jim, which filled every man's heart to overflowing grief. Most all the men were out in different directions, leaving only eight in camp and some of them not able to go, and we eight who had just returned had been on the go for two days and nights without anything to eat except a little meat and bread we had crammed in our pockets and eaten on the run.

Some of the men wrung their hands and cried like babies through grief of the fate of their brave comrade, who more than once had saved the lives of his comrades by his volunteer scouting, locating and reporting murderous gangs of savages. Now for the sake of saving the lives of eight more he had volunteered to lose his own. It was too much. Yes, more than we could endure, and at once I volunteered to go that evening over the mountains about six miles after one posse of men, while two other boys would go after two more squads about fifteen miles away and get what help we could and go to avenge the death of poor Jim. We knew for sure he could not endure losing sleep and battling with eighty or a hundred savages day

and night. By midnight we had thirty-seven men collected in camp and three days' rations cooked and ponies saddled and all ready to go to avenge the life of our comrade.

At one A.M. we pulled out on our long, rough route. By daylight we were in twelve or fifteen miles of the scene. On reaching the top of the last big mountain we had to cross it now was about eight o'clock and about eight miles from where we left Jim. To our surprise listening we could hear Jim's rifle yet belching away. Its roars brought joy and gladness to every heart. We put spurs to our ponies and in one hour we were near enough to take in the situation, while all eyes were turned on Big Jim's Indian fort.

We dismounted, crept up close in their rear and charged them wholly on surprise. The Indians bit the ground in a savage way. Two had crept up the mountain near Jim, but had not yet got sight of him, as they were under the bench, but they never came down, as we spied them out just in time to call them down and to save Jim's life. At the same time the balance went around the mountain in all possible haste, some of our boys in hot pursuit after them, while others went straight over the mountain. On reaching the top we now were over them. Soon they collected their warriors for a charge on us, but finding we had cross and center fire on them, from the top of the mountain, they checked and wheeled and went the other direction, and but few of them made their escape to report their troubles.

Jim gave their number at one hundred and twenty-five. We then looked over the battle-ground and found sixty-seven killed outright and seventeen badly wounded, but Big Jim's temper had by this time become so stubborn that he relieved them of their pain and took their scalps with seventeen others he had laid out on the prairie during our absence, which was to his credit, saying nothing of the number he killed during the battle, which was no doubt double any other man, as he had such a nice and lofty position. The next thing was to rope some of the best ponies and to pull out for headquarters, as it was by this time three o'clock and at least thirty-five miles to camp, and Big Jim had received a slight shot in one shoulder, which was paining him very much.

On the mountain top, the main top or cap of the mountain, where Jim was, it was about sixty feet across and covered with dirt and grass. Jim had it checked with trails worn as slick as an otter slide by his pacing back and forth two days and nights, and I guess that little round mountain is known as Big Jim's Fort until this day, as we cut it on a rock and set it in the center, "Big Jim Kenedeese, fort, 1867." Soon Big Jim's fort was "christened," and the stone set. We pulled out for headquarters, landing in camp at daybreak the next morning, all well and sound except Big Jim and four other boys slightly wounded, which ended that memorable exploration.

THE TENDERFOOT BEAR HUNTER

WE were camped in Colorado on the South Gunison River, or Lake Fork, as it is now called. Near us was a little park, on the west side of which was a mountain that had at one time been covered with thick timber, but had all been killed off, leaving bushes or undergrowth of pine, spruce and juniper. On the east side of the park was a high, rough ridge sloping off to the south, forming a flat between it and the mountain.

One morning while we were preparing breakfast some deer appeared in the edge of the park. We decided that two of the boys could, by going around and getting in behind them, run them up through the flat where we could get a good shot at them. The rest of us were to watch for them as they came up through the flat and kill them.

The wind was blowing at a terrific rate, and as it roared through those bushes on the mountain it made a noise equal to a young tornado. Nothing could be heard except at a short distance. We knew that we could not hear the deer coming, so we decided to scatter out and watch for them. We stationed ourselves some sixty or seventy yards apart. I was stationed up near the foot of the mountain, near the old trail. I was crouched down between two logs that had fallen across each other, watching and waiting with great eager-

ness for the deer to come up a little draw north of me.

Just as I saw the deer coming up the draw two mountain lions came chasing some deer down the mountain behind me. On they came. The mountain lions chasing deer down the mountain and the boys chasing deer up the draw. Soon they met at a short distance from me. They were so frightened that they seemed to be senseless, and they were running and jumping in every direction. Just as I was ready to shoot, one of the deer the lions were chasing jumped on my back, knocking me flat and giving me a good clubbing with his feet. I jumped up as soon as I could and stood there looking in amazement, never thinking of my gun, which had been knocked out of my hand, until all the deer were gone.

I had stood there with my foot hurting and my nose and head bleeding, looking with bewilderment on this remarkable circumstance without getting so much as a shot at the deer. One of the boys, who was standing west of me, had killed one of the mountain lions, a very large one, measuring nine feet from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail. Another one of the men had killed two deer. This was all the game we got out of all that bunch.

The laugh was on me that day, but it was soon changed to a new and tenderfoot bear hunter, by the name of Maning, who was on his maiden bear hunt. He was one of those "Smart Alexanders,"

who thought himself somewhat of a bear hunter. He was apparently bloodthirsty for a shot at one. There were a great many bears up in the high, rough mountain southwest of us. Every evening they would come down near camp. It was with great difficulty that we kept Maning from shooting at them, for the more experienced of us knew the danger that might follow the wounding of one in the dark.

One evening just at sundown Maning took his gun and started out for the mountain to kill a bear. Out back of our camp, about a hundred yards, there was a ridge, and after he had got over this he was out of our sight. One of the boys said that he would follow him and watch him. This boy had a big black Newfoundland dog. The dog on seeing his master go thought something was up, so he followed him.

While the boy was watching the movements of the daring bear hunter the dog strolled around and got on the opposite side of the park from him. Now Maning had only gone about a hundred yards to the edge of the park, which was about fifty or sixty yards wide, and sat down on a log, waiting for the bear to appear. While he was sitting there the dog appeared on the opposite edge of the park. Maning seeing the dog—it was almost dark—of course, thought that it was one of the bears he had been waiting for and fired at him. The dog ran to see what he had shot at. Then Maning shot two more times, which only served to quicken the dog's speed. Seeing the bear, as

he thought, rushing at him, fear began to creep into the steel heart of our hero, and so much so that he broke for camp, squalling and whooping like every breath was his last. At last he fell over a log, lost his hat and gun and mashed his face in a horrible manner. The big dog was right at his heels. He jumped up and ran for camp as hard as he could go, yelling, "Shoot! shoot, boys, he has killed me!" When he reached the tent door he fell praying for help.

MANNIG'S MAIDEN BEAR HUNT

Did we laugh? Well, I should say so. We were all rolling and whooping. This only added to poor Maning's misery, for he thought that there was a big bear fight in camp, which accounted for our actions. He was so weak he could not stand up. Well, my little incident with the deer was forgotten, and now it was Maning instead of I who furnished the laughing stock for the crowd.

It took him some time to realize that it was not a sure enough bear after him. But we were relieved of the responsibility of keeping him from shooting at the bears after dark. Even the thought of a bear was enough for him after that. It sure was sad times in camp now that our most daring bear hunter had become so completely unnerved. He previously remarked that he thought that he was too daring to be among the wild animals, but all his daring qualities seemed to be removed now. For he made himself handy around camp and would not go bear hunting with us at all, saying that he had no desire to hunt bears. After that lamentable evening he was never known to shoot at another bear, and after we got back off of that hunt he never went on another.

A BIG BEAR HUNT IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

WE pitched out tents on the bank of the Big Frying Pan River, Colorado. After first killing a few deer for meat, the next thing was a bear. On the 12th day of June, 1869, we set out to look around for bear on the north side of the mountain. The snow yet lay deep and we could see plenty of tracks, but all went up where it was very rough and deeper snow. So we were quite tired of the snow and away across on the south slope the snow was melting off until more than half the ground was bare. We came to the conclusion to go over there. So we formed in line and went in a breast, leaving a space between each of us about forty or fifty yards wide and marched on away across the big draw or flat until we came to a small creek. Yet seeing no bear, we halted and ate our lunch, and after resting awhile set out again, continuing on the same course until we reached about halfway up the great south slope. We made another halt, yet seeing no bear. So it was now 4 o'clock P.M., and we were about six miles from camp, and a rough and long journey to make. We set out for camp and no time was lost on the way to get there before dark. Shortly after starting for camp one of the boys called out, "See here, good Moses, what a bear track. It is

the biggest bear track I ever saw. Come and see." So we all went, and sure enough there was some wonderful large tracks where he had been climbing up a little hill in the thawed ground. After looking around a little we found where he had been scratching around some old logs and rotten wood, as if hunting for bugs or worms to eat. But as it was getting late we lost no time in looking for him that evening, but we would go on to camp and take an early start next morning and go back and hunt him up and kill him, as it was much larger than any sign we had seen. We pulled on and it was almost dark when we got back to camp, but we at once informed the cook that we wished breakfast by 4 o'clock next morning, as we had seen signs of a very large bear and wished to be ready to start by the break of day after him, and wished every man to be up and ready to go, of which there were fourteen of us. After supper was over we got off to bed as soon as possible, as all wished to get a good sleep and be ready and in good trim for the great battle with the bear the next day. At 4 o'clock next morning the cook called out breakfast was ready, and all hands up and make ready, for he wished to eat a piece of that big bear for supper. So he whooped out, "Bear! bear! the big bear!" It struck all the boys' ears like a stroke of electricity, and like magic all were soon up and ready for breakfast, which was soon eaten, and every man was ready with his gun in his hand, while the

cook prepared lunch and put it on the pack mule; also with harness and rope on the mule to drag in the big bear. Now the word was asked, was all ready, to which every man answered yes. We all struck out, fourteen of us, with two good bear dogs and a little stray fice, which happened to fall in with us on our first day's travel. We took a bee line as near as possible for the place where we had seen the signs of the big bear. As we neared the top of a large slope of a hill where we had seen the first signs, we advanced very slow and cautiously. Just as we reached the top of the slope we all halted, and every eye was set looking with its utmost keenness for the bear, as there was now in front of us a flat for three or four hundred yards, which was partly timbered for about half-way across it, and on the opposite side a park clear of timber. After looking for about five minutes one of the boys called out, "Yonder he is. Gee, Buck! What a big old Grizzly?" Then all looked and saw the bear. He seemed to be very busy scratching and pawing around a large old pine and stump about two hundred and seventy yards away. The next thing was to plan how the attack was to be made on him. So an old man and an old bear hunter, too, said: "Well, boys, if you will listen to me I will suggest a plan," to which all at a moment agreed. "Well," said the old man, "as we are not hunting bears for money or the profit that is in it, but only for the sport, and therefore we shall guard against putting our-

selves in any danger whatever. So the safeguard would be for us to string out around him. Some on the left and some on the right, and get up on rocks and trees so that we would all be up in plain view of the bear, and when we all get ready he would whistle out of a trunk key which he had in his pocket, and at the sound of the whistle every man shoot at the bear and continue shooting until we were sure he was dead. And if the bear should run the other way we could kill him before he could get across the park, and if he came toward us we could kill him before he could get to us." All agreed at once that should be the plan of the battle. We strung out, some got upon rocks and up in trees, and it happened there was a large rock just behind us. I and the old man got upon that rock and it came near to the ground on the back side from the bear and sloped up and made a great perpendicular front ten or twelve feet high and made a number one place for us. Soon all was ready and we aimed to take old bruin wholly on surprise, yet while we were getting ready the little stray fice dog had found him and ran up near as if going to take hold of him, and no sooner had the bear given it a slap, knocking it about forty feet and tearing off its under jaw. The bear then walked down to where the dead fice lay, as if to see what he had done, then turned around and walked back up to the old stump and commenced scratching as before and seemed as unconcerned as if nothing had happened, and not

thinking of his enemies, who were looking on and now ready to attack him. Now all being ready, the old man gave a keen whistle out of his trunk key, and that same second the shooting began, and the first shots we fired at him broke two of his legs and he could not run, and we shot and shot and shot, at least a hundred rounds, but at last one bullet hit him in the side of the head. Then he fell over on the ground dead. But in the very heat of the battle one of the boys, by the help of two men, had climbed up a little slim pine tree near on my right, and the tree was as straight as a gun barrel and almost as slick as soap, and about fourteen feet to the first limb, at which place came out a bunch of limbs almost circling the body of the tree, which formed a nice place for one man to sit; but he, in the great excitement, happened to slip back a little too far and fell to the ground, gun and all, but sure he lost no time in getting up, and, looking in every direction, in a moment went back up the tree so quick it would have made a squirrel ashamed of himself, although at first he had hard work to get up with the help of two men, and he being a young Swede, talked very broken English, and as he explained it: "O boys, you don know how I felt when I struck de groun; I thought de bar had me in his 'hug' and almost kilt me already, but when get my eyes open I see de tree. No trouble to clime it." Yes, I laughed until I could not see how to shoot any more during that battle. Yes,

a dog would sure have laughed, if such a thing could be, to have seen his movements for a moment after he struck the ground, but now the bear was killed and all went off so nice, and it was a sight to see how the battleground was tore up and riddled with bullets for thirty yards around where the bear now lay. Quite a number of bullets had hit him, but only to wrap up in his long, burley and curley silvery wool and drop down at his feet in balls as large as a man's fist, with the wool wrapped around so tight and hard that it was a matter of impossibility to unwrap or otherwise loosen them from the bullet without cutting off with a knife or other sharp instrument. Well, now the bear being killed, it was near noon. One of the boys went back over the ridge after the pack mule, which we had left a short distance behind until the battle was over. After all eating a lunch we went to work making preparation, as quite a curious job was yet before us, getting old bruin into camp. After taking the rope, making a loop, putting it over and around his nose, and then back and around his neck and then through the loop that was around his nose. We hitched the mule and put out for camp, but our progress was slow, as a great number of logs and steep and rocky gulches were to cross in getting back to camp, but at last we arrived in camp about 5 o'clock P.M., all wearied out over our big day's work, but soon to be revived, as we had previous to starting bought a two gallon jug of brandy

sealed, and all agreed that the seal should not be broken until a bear was killed, and with this understanding it was handed over to the care of the cook. And as there is no snakes in that part of the country, no man was able to furnish sufficient excuse to get any. No, not even a taste until a bear was killed. And as some of the boys explained it, we were getting awful dry. On our arrival at the camp they began to shout and call for the big jug, which was handed out at once, unsealed and ready for use. Now the cook went to work and soon had the skin off the big bear and quartered up, and he weighed 750 pounds, including the skin and all. Soon the cook had the kettles full of bear meat and on the fire cooking for supper, and every man soon satisfied his ravenous appetite for bear meat. After supper was over, three large camp fires being built, and all our crew, which was composed of Irish, Dutch, Swedes, and Americans. And now the events of the day were to be fully discussed, and in all four different languages, but it seemed in this case that all preferred speaking in his own native tongue, and so did, and that with a free, good will. Consequently, taking all in all, it would have almost diverted the ground sills of a mud fence to have witnessed the peculiar motions and earnest and comical explanations of the events of the day, but while all four nationalities were speaking, and all at the same time, well mixed up together, proceeding out of the mouths of many, all at once a

heavy shower of Indian arrows came down upon us from the bows of the savages, one putting a hole through the coffee pot, which was sitting on our temporary table and tumbling off and breaking our jug of brandy, which also was sitting on the table, and one through one of the boy's hats and another one through one's coat tail, and one hit one of the boys on the knee, cutting a small gash. Well, it is useless to say it changed our conversation at once, as many a word was left half spoken and many big roars of laughter "cut short" and died in infancy. Well, the first thing was our guns and away from the light, and as we knew the arrows had come from the opposite side of the river, after listening a short time we heard a stick break on that side, we went to shooting and totally bombarded all the mountain slope on the opposite side of the river, and soon checked the arrows falling. On going over the next morning we found two dead ponies and one dead Indian, where they had shot from. We took their trail and followed on down the river for several miles in pursuit, but could not overtake them, and finally gave up the chase and returned back to our camp that night. Well, now as they had discovered our camp, we thought it advisable to move, and so did pull out north to Lime Creek, then back over the range via "Ivanhoe Pass" to Leadville, which ended that hunt, but sure enough had a night battle with the Indians, killed a grizzly bear and got our big brandy jug broken.

CLIFF DWELLERS

A MOST peculiar and curious people inhabited the southern part of the Rocky Mountain Range, as hundreds of their ancient dwelling places is as plain to be seen until this day as if only made yesterday. I have accompanied many exploring parties in search of those curious and long abandoned habitations. We often find in high, perpendicular cliffs of solid granite walls, ranging in height from one to four hundred feet, and generally about midway between the base and the top of the granite and wonderful walls in rows lengthwise, rooms varying in size from six to sixteen feet, some hewed or chisled out in the solid rock. Some are almost square inside, while others are round, oval shape. Most assuredly they must have used rope ladders, which fastened to a tree or other solid something on top of the cliffs, then swinging down over the cliffs, must have been their only means of reaching them at first in order to commence or begin their work. Yet it is possible that their lofty heights were reached by means of ladders from the base of the cliffs. However, it is not known until this day by any living man how they gained access to those lofty rooms, or even what their purpose was in choosing these difficult dwelling places. It is most generally supposed their idea

was for protection against enemies or wild beasts. But yet this is only supposition, but as to what tools or instruments they used in carving out these kind of rooms in solid rock perhaps will never be known, as we at different times and places discovered and explored many rooms, some of which was closed with doors made of solid, flat rock, three by five feet and four inches in thickness, with straight and polished edges and fit in so neat and smooth as to be difficult to observe or discover. Once we discovered one closed which was two hundred feet from the ground or bottom of the cliff, and one hundred and fifty feet from the top, with overhanging cap rock, extending out forty-two feet. This one undoubtedly was reached by means of ladders or trestled up from below, as a rope suspending down from the top hung so far out from the cliff, and the smooth surface of the cliff furnished us no crevice or other object with which to fasten or hook to in order to pull in under to the cliff. And to trestle up from below would have taken us weeks to accomplish. So after holding a long and serious consultation with much regret we abandoned the idea. And for the first time left these four rooms unexplored, three opened and one closed. However, all those which we discovered which were closed on opening them we would find old pottery and vessels made of clay, worked out in a most clumsy way by hand, and then dried and glazed both inside and out, and in the shape of those found in the mounds in Mis-

sissippi Valley. But very little can be learned about this ancient people, termed Cliff Dwellers and Mound Builders, but yet it seems possible that as the old relics of each are so much alike in shape and material it is most likely they were the self same people.

THE NEW-BORN BABE

Yes, little babies,
  Upon honor bright,
They are little and sweet,
  And our soul's delight.

Yes, babies are sweet,
  Either a girl or a boy,
Born into the world,
  Our greatest joy.

Yes, all the world
  Is glad to see,
The new-born babe,
  So little and wee.

Yes, there it lies,
  So little and sweet,
With such little head,
  And hands and feet.

It gazes around,
  Sees an ugly crowd,
Then raises the yell,
  Cries big and loud.

While all eyes rest
  Upon the little child,
It kicks and squalls,
  While the rest all smile.

Yes, I love babies,
  I know it is true.
Yes, I love babies,
  Yes, sure, don't you?

Babies are to be loved
  By one and all.
Who doesn't love babies
  Has no love at all.

A baby is an angel,
  The purest on earth.
God will bless the home
  Where they play on the hearth.

A BIG BEAR HUNT IN NEW MEXICO—TWO BATTLES WITH INDIANS—LOST OUR CAMPING OUTFIT

ONCE a posse of us was hunting down in the big Black Mountains, New Mexico, for bear and furs. We prowled around over a large scope of very rough, rocky country during a ten days' hunt. We got up in the mountains where we saw lots of fresh bear signs, found a beautiful spring and there we camped. Next morning we arose early, got our guns in order and struck out for a bear. We had not gone far until we found a large bear den. We saw one lying at the mouth of the den, on a large rock. One of the boys shot at him, breaking one fore leg. He began to snort and buck around. In one minute seven more large ones appeared on the scene, looking in every direction. Soon they scented us out, and here they came, apparently as brave as lions. We were about two hundred yards from the den. We shot down two old suckling females which were leading the outfit. As soon as the others came up and saw their leaders lying kicking and bleeding, every one turned and it looked like they ran a race to see which could get to the den first, and the wounded one hobbled back in his den quiet and showed up no more.

Now we were encouraged to venture up nearer,

which we did. We crippled another one and killed two more at the mouth of the den. Now in the hottest part of our engagement with the bears, all at once we heard the "Indian war whoop," and looking behind us we saw the Indians coming in our rear, yelling savagely. While all attention was immediately drawn to the Indians coming, a bear sneaked up and jumped on one of our boys while his back was turned to the bear, but fortunately "Big Jim," a powerful and brave man, was near, and at once drew his large butcherknife and drove it to the heart of the bear, killing it instantly before it had time to injure our comrade except a small gash bitten on the shoulder. But now the battle was on hot and heavy. Six of us against twenty-six, but we held our ground owing to our superior guns. However we held them back until late in the evening they got reinforced twelve more. Now they made an attempt to surround us, but temporarily we beat them back. But night was fast approaching and the Indians in front and the bear's den in our rear. I discovered that something had to be done soon. I crept along the line to see the boys. They all, man to a man, appointed me as chief commanding officer. "Well," said I, "we will have to give up our dead game to save the live ones. Pretty tough; five nice bear ready to skin, but better lose their skins than our own." So I gave orders to shoot two more rounds pretty lively and at once line off down the mountain to our right, that as I have

no doubt they found our camp and trailed us from that, we best make a march for civilization.

So at that we pulled out, not thinking for a moment of their trying to follow us up, thinking their large lot of bear meat, including six burrows and other equipments we had left them. Now all of us on foot, they followed us up. The next evening about 3 o'clock while we were crossing a large prairie they came in sight on our trail, but yet some two or three miles away. We knew as they were mounted on ponies and us on foot, they would soon overtake us, and to fight them on the open prairie would be serious chances against us, but in front of us one or two miles was a small, round mountain. I ordered the boys to single out and travel from sixty to a hundred yards apart in order to confuse them in trailing us, and each man to do his best to reach the mountain as soon as possible, otherwise they would overtake us on the prairie. Now we set out on double quick time, but when we reached the mountain they were almost in gunshot of us, and it yet about twenty-five miles to our nearest help we knew of, and eighty-five Indian savages stretched out around the mountain. On the west side of the mountain there was a low, wet, boggy swamp that they did not dare to venture in on horseback. We climbed up to the top of the mountain, which was about two hundred yards high. By this time they were up within gunshot of us. We opened fire on them, killing three and wounding one, and killed two

ponies. From the top of this mountain we had a beautiful, commanding view of them all around the mountain, and our elevated position and our superior guns gave us a great advantage over them, and at least two-thirds of them were armed with bows and arrows and could not reach us. However, they formed a circle on either side of the mountain and fought us bravely, until about sunset they retired back out of reach of our guns. By this time we counted thirteen of their painted warriors lying on the prairie to rise no more, while one of our boldest and bravest men, "Big Jim Kenedees," got shot through the left knee, which disabled him until he could not travel. There we were, completely surrounded and all on foot, and one of our best men wounded and ammunition getting short. After holding a consultation it was agreed. As the mountain top was capped with a round knoll about ten yards across it, from either edge of which knoll you could see a man at the foot all round, Big Jim begged us to give him all our ammunition and what water we had and for us to slip down and out through the swamp and go for help, and he alone would hold the camp until his ammunition would fail. That now being agreed, we went down the mountain on the opposite side from the swamp and fired several volleys in the direction of the Indians. Then we was to hasten back and over to the swamp. But before we reached the foot of the mountain firing commenced out on the prairie fast

and almost a solid roar of guns followed. We could not imagine for a few minutes what on earth it meant. The stars were shining bright. In a few moments we could see dark bulks flying across the prairie, and plainly hear horses' feet as they dashed across, closely in pursuit came firing behind them. As a line stretched out across the prairie, the thought came to our minds who could it be. Could it be possible some scouts or hunters had heard and came to our relief, or was it other Indians had mistaken and fired on their own warriors. But soon the firing ceased, and to our great joy four shots were fired in succession, then a long, "shrill whoop as if lost." With great joy we answered the call, as we now knew some good, but mysterious happening was in our favor. In a few minutes they were up in talking distance and called out in plain English, "Where are you?" "Here we are." Soon there was fifteen scouts and prospectors who happened to be on their way to the mountains for the purpose of joining us in our hunt, and was going across about four miles north of us and their attention was called by the report of our guns, they knew some trouble was on hand and came at once to learn what it was, and on discovering a small fire advanced and crept near enough to discover it was Indians, and on hearing our guns upon the round mountain explained the situation of things to them at once. However, they charged the Indian camps and routed them completely. After going

down to the swamp and procuring water we climbed back up the mountain, placed out a couple of guards, and lay down and slept a good night's sleep on the little knoll on top of the mountain which had assisted our friends in preserving our lives.

Next morning was beautiful and clear, not a Indian could be seen, except twenty-two dead on the prairie, and many dead ponies, and we caught seven good live ponies which were stampeded and left on the prairie. We also found five guns and bows and arrows. We were now satisfied the Indians were too numerous for us to venture back in the same part of the mountains which we had left. We abandoned the idea of returning to the mountains and pulled into Albuquerque, New Mexico, loser our five bears, blankets, and cooking outfit, tent and groceries, and six burrows, but was glad and proud to return with our lives and visit that part no more.

PROSPECTING IN CALIFORNIA

ONCE while prospecting in the mountains of Eastern California, I was about one mile away from camp, near an old animal trail, which led out from camp. I would pass to and from my work. One evening coming in from work the trail led down and across a small gulch and then up a long slope or hill. While I was at

THE FLAT CINNAMON BEAR

the foot of the hill I noticed a large black bear was sitting in the trail about one hundred and fifty yards from me, looking at me. I walked on up the hill until within about sixty yards of him. He made no effort whatever to give me the trail. I halted, looking straight at him a few minutes. Then walking on slower until within about forty yards of him I made another halt. There I stood, gazing at him, thinking. Will I have him to fight or can I gaze him out of countenance? I standing there for several minutes looking him straight in the eyes. At last he began to look off down the hill to my right, got up and slowly and stubbornly sneaked out and off down the hill and gave me the trail and I passed on alright. The next evening as I came in about the same hour there he sat again at the same place. I walked on up as before. Yet there he sat. After looking at each other for some time he seemed to want to give me a more thorough and closer inspection, and in order to do so he advanced a few feet nearer. I looked at him, while he looked at me very sullenly, and when I moved in, cocking my gun, he raised on his hind feet. I stood there ready for the battle, as I could not think of letting him any nearer, and it now was sundown and something had to be done. I concluded in my own mind that if a battle he would have, to bring on the attack. I slowly turned out of the trail, keeping my gun across my arm in readiness, as I had only faint hopes of his letting me go by without a contest.

Yet I kept slowly circling around him and at the same time eyeing him closely, as I well know I did not dare to let him know he had his bluff in on me, as the least encouragement would cause him to charge me at once, although I was very anxious to give him the trail. I did not at that moment dare to be in any haste, or at least let him think so, but I kept on, he turning as I circled around, and when I turned over the curve of the ridge he followed me up to the top of the little ridge, sat down and kept a longing look after me, but did not advance farther. That was one fight I considered I sneaked out of, and was afraid to think I was allowed to do so. I have met and looked many bear in close quarters out of countenance, but this one was a very large, rough, sulky looking old bear, and I believe would have turned the edge on the bravest bear hunters' countenance. However, it was one that I was pleased to humor by giving him the trail. Me and my comrade watched the trail for sometime afterwards with the intention of killing him, but he never showed up any more, but just a few days previous to meeting the above-named black bear I was coming in from work one evening in the edge of a little park which the trail crossed. The park was about one hundred yards wide at this place. There was no timber in the park except one lone pine tree, which stood about the center of the park. As I came in on one side of the park a large cinnamon bear came in on the other side. We were both in

the trail, coming meeting each other. I walked up a little faster in order to get to the tree, so if he attacked me I would have the advantage of the tree in fighting him. As I increased my pace the bear did the same. I then struck out on a run for the tree, as I had only a small pick to defend myself with, and the bear came meeting me. When in about twenty paces of each other I was just in the act of stopping for the attack when all at once the bear plunged out of the trail, to and up the tree he went. All my fright was at once turned to loud and joyful roars of laughter, and although the bear had honestly won the race, and I very gratefully applauded him for his noble speed, leaving him the championship of the forest, I marched on into camp boasting on the fleetness of the cinnamon bear.

JESSE WILLARD, CHAMPION OF THE RING

This song is my choice piece,
  The one I love to sing;
I call it Jesse Willard,
  Champion of the ring.

Jess Willard and Jack Johnson
  Once was matched to fight.
Jack Johnson is a negro,
  But Jesse Willard's white.

By chance the agitators
  Arranged for them a bout,
And when they met in Cuba,
  Jess Willard knocked Jack out.

Jack was champion knocker,
  And for six years held the ring,
That put Jack to thinking
  He was a pugilist king.

Jack Johnson went to Cuba,
  And while on a foreign shore
Began to boast and crow around
  About the belt he wore.

Jess Willard soon did hear him,
  Over on the other shore,
Altho' the distance was
  A thousand miles or more.

But Jess could plainy hear him
  Flop his wings and crow;
And he at once decided
  To Cuba he would go.

Jess sailed across the ocean,
  Away down in the South,
It being his only purpose
  To stop that nigger's mouth.

When Jess arrived in Cuba
  He looked so game and proud,
But Jack yet crowed a little,
  But not so big nor loud.

When Jack did chance to see him,
  Jess looked so big and strong
Jack Johnson took a tumble,
  Fear something's going wrong.

When time was called for battle,
  Both men were up and straight.
Each one had good training,
  And both of heavy weight.

And when the seconds came
  They went to fighting right.
They pounded on each other,
  I am sure it was a sight.

Talk about your knocking,
  Either light or heavy weight,
Jess Willard—Johnson knocking
  Was certainly up to date.

There they kept on knocking,
  And bouncing like a ball.
The twenty-fifth round was fought,
  Neither man had got a fall.

When the twenty-sixth round was called,
  Jack with a smile yet on his face,
Came into the ring all promptly,
  And took his proper place.

But Jess hit him such a hard lick,
  Such as he never was hit before,
That knocked him such a tumble
  He could not come no more.

But Jack was sadly punished,
  More than just the fall.
He lost his reputation,
  Belt, smiles and all.

Boys, when you do feel merry,
  And feel you wish to sing,
Sing us Jesse Willard,
  Champion of the ring.

JOHN J. ALLEN, Author,
Hermitage, Tenn.

POPPING THE QUESTION

Now I will ask you a question,
  I never asked before,
And if you will only say "yes,"
  I never will ask you more.

CHORUS

Now say "Yes," dearest, one, say "Yes."
  Oh, say "Yes," darling one, soon,
We'll go then out traveling together,
  Enjoying our honeymoon.

Now, love, I am in great trouble,
  And trouble will be my fate,
Until I hear you say "Yes"—
  You will be my lifetime mate.

CHORUS

I am sure it will cause you no trouble,
  No, never in all your life,
And it is so easy to say, dear,
  That you will be my wife.

CHORUS

You know that I have been drinking,
  And raising a great uproar;
But now I'll be a good boy,
  And never drink any more.

I'll quit my rambling and gambling,
  And from swearing I will refrain,
Say "Yes" and I'll pledge you my honor
  I'll never get drunk again.

You know that I own a great fortune,
  That you've already seen;
And you know that I have the money,
  And will keep you like a queen.

I will give you half my fortune,
  Including my houses and land,
If you will only say "Yes"—
  And give me your heart and hand.

Say "Yes" and I'll get the license,
  Stamped with the county seal.
Now say "Yes," dearest one, say "Yes,"
  Before you eat the next meal.

And when I return with the license,
  Then we will have the fun—
A-seeing the squire or preacher,
  Turning two of us into one.

Yes, the preacher proposes to do that,
  And just straight out that way,
And then he says we'll be one,
  Until the great Judgmnet Day.

Let's you and I now try him a round,
  It will be so funny to see
Him turning two of us into one,
  First turning you and me.

Now, dear, consider my question,
  But never on earth say "No"—
It would put my brains to leaking,
  And crazy then I would go.

Why ponder over my question,
  When it is so easy to say—
I know that you will will never regret it,
  Not even on the Judgment Day.

Now, I wish to get busy, darling,
  And for our pleasure seek—
Say "Yes," and I'll pledge you my honor
  We'll marry in less than a week.

And after we are happily married,
  Let that be late or soon—
We'll spend the balance of life, dear,
  Enjoying our honeymoon.

Now, dear, I make you these pledges,
  I make them all faithful and true—
I know that I never will make them
  To anyone living but you.

Now, dear, please answer my question,
  Say "Yes" in a cheerful way;
And that will make me so happy,
  At once we'll appoint the day.

At once the day was appointed,
  And the wedding's now over and past,
And we are living together so happy,
  We'll surely go to heaven at last.

JOHN J. ALLEN, Author.

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